Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faſt,
but note me ſignior.
Anth. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The deuill can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witnes
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the hart.
O what a goodly out-ſide falſhood hath.
Shy. Three thouſand ducats, tis a good round ſumme.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, manie a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my moneyes and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my Iewiſh gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, moneyes is your ſute.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A curre can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humblenesse
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day another time,
You calld me dogge: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.
Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breede for barraine mettaile of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penaltie.
Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyte
Of vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.
Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.
Shyl. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merrie ſport
if you repay me not on ſuch a day
in ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
expreſt in the condition, let the forfaite
be nominated for an equall pound
of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
in what part of your bodie pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content in faith, yle ſeale to ſuch a bond,
and ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Iew.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
within theſe two months, thats a month before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
the thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
if he ſhould breake his day, what ſhould I gaine
by the exaction of the forfeyture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
as fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.494) Octavo